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her goodness of heart, she could not but write what is felt to be tender, truthful and elevating. All honor to her, and to all who endeavor to make the most of their talents for noble ends.

Yet we cannot repress the wish that the singing men and women of our day would give us something more satisfying, and, therefore, better worth remembering. There is enough of mere superficial finish, too much, perhaps, of the study of words and sounds. When poems are written so as to reveal something else besides metrical skill, and show that they are instinct with qualities that cannot be traced to egotism or to limited sensibility, the world will not willingly let them die.

THE MARBLE FAWN; or, The Romance of Monte Beni. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Ticknor & Fields.

We gladly welcome Mr. Hawthorne back to the workshop of American literature. But why did he give us his impressions of Italy in so dark and terrible a tragedy as this *Marble Fawn*? The elaborate machinery which Mr. Hawthorne has called to his aid in developing this ghastly story is another proof of his superior genius. And yet, although we are willing to concede that the book has great literary merit, and is written in a graceful and vigorous style, we must confess that we regard the influence of such tragedies as are here pictured so graphically, anything but good. The whole story is rank of blood, dismal in tone, unnatural, and made more ghastly with spectral figures, whose mysterious histories are written in blood and guilty love. The ingenuity of the author has, however, invested this dark and terrible story with a fascination strangely irresistible. In power of exciting the imagination, and in the wildness and ghastliness of the mantle he has cast about some of his scenes, even Mrs. Radcliffe herself is surpassed. So rank is the smell of blood with which our feelings are excited and our senses offended, that our heart gladdens when we come upon those few rays of sunshine, here and there tenderly worked in to relieve the sombre and horrifying hues of the picture. Then it is that we find ourselves instinctively asking the question, why was not so graceful and vigorous a pen employed upon a subject more pleasing to the fancy, more instructive, and better shaped for serving the ends of humanity? The progress of civilization and morality owe nothing to such books as these. They may excite and fascinate the strong and healthy mind, but they confuse, mislead, and, in too many instances, completely wreck weaker ones. And yet, a work exhibiting so much genius cannot fail of securing a large circle of readers.

NOTES OF TRAVEL AND STUDY IN ITALY. By Charles Eliot Norton. Ticknor & Fields: Boston.

Four years ago the accomplished author of the above work favored THE CRAYON with a series of letters from Italy, under the head of Italy in 1855-1856, which letters were welcomed by our readers at that time with unusual interest. These letters form a portion of the Notes of Travel and Study in Italy, the other portion consists of letters written about the same period, but not heretofore published. We are glad to see them in their present shape, and accessible to a larger audience than they enjoyed in our columns. These letters have a peculiar character. They are genuine studies, not narratives of incident, or attempts at description of ordinary scenes and people; they furnish illustrations of serious social problems, and full and complete essays on subjects of the most refined import, such as relate to monuments of Art and religion. Mr. Norton is unusually sensitive to objects that bring the middle ages to mind—such, for instance, as the noble cathedral of Orvieto. His account of the building of this

cathedral is a prose poem. What modern phase of public energy is at all comparable to that which the people of Orvieto displayed when they built this magnificent cathedral? The chapter on Petrarch and the fortunes of the Colonnas is equally interesting. Mr. Norton handles his subjects skillfully. His work helps to bring into notice the spirit of the middle ages, which the people of our day ought to know more of. It seems to us that the middle ages present phases of life and poetry, quite as enjoyable as the cycle of antiquity. Every attempt to open this mine of intellectual wealth should be welcomed, for we need some kind of *renaissance* differing from the old one of the fifteenth century.

LA FEMME. Translated from the French of M. J. Michelet, by J. W. Palmer, M.D. Rudd & Carleton, Publishers.

The author of this book has shown clearly enough that a good intention may be easily perverted. We have, perhaps, no right to quarrel with M. Michelet for his intention in writing such books; but their influence, we think, might be wisely confined to an atmosphere and to a class very different from anything found in this country. In considering the influence of these books, the first question which naturally arises in our mind is, are they fit to be placed in the hands of young and pure-minded females? On this there can be but one opinion. No father of a respectable family would for a moment permit his daughters to read them. And yet these daughters are the very persons to whom they are addressed. M. Michelet is resolved that his readers shall be thoroughly instructed in the mysteries of woman's physical nature. But instead of confining his dissertations within the boundaries of science, he has hung them in the gayest coloring of sentiment, and made them seductive where they should have only been instructive. Our remarks upon *L'Amour*, in our review of that work, will apply to *La Femme*.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF CHARLES M. LEUPP. By John H. Gourlie.

This pamphlet contains an address by John H. Gourlie, delivered before the Column, a literary association in this city, of which the late Mr. Leupp was a cherished member. Mr. Gourlie pays a graceful tribute of esteem and affection to the memory of his departed friend; he presents us with an abstract of Mr. Leupp's career and an estimate of his usefulness in society, which others besides the members of the Column will carefully preserve as the most valuable souvenir of him they could desire.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for April presents an exceedingly interesting series of articles, cleverly illustrated. Chapin, the artist, contributes an interesting and instructive article descriptive of a journey into the "Iron Regions of New Jersey." "Gold Getting in California," is well written, and through its spirited illustrations gives the reader a clear and forcible idea of what life is in the diggings, even now. Thomas Dunn English contributes a ballad on the Battle of Lexington. "The Little Art Student," a touching story, told pleasantly, is from the pen of Mrs. Addison Richards. "Yet's Christmas Box" is one of the best written articles in the number, and from the pen of the author of Sir Rohan's Ghost. Fitz James O'Brien has a clever poem, "The Lost Steamship," founded on the loss of the Hungarian. "Lovel, the Widower," by Mr. Thackeray, is continued, but its only merit is excessive dullness. The editor flanks his army of contributors with a banquet of interesting matter, well served up.

THE CENTURY will after this appear in the form of the London Saturday Review. It has engaged several of our best writers to contribute to its columns. The Century has gained a reputation as a good and dependable literary authority.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.—Mr. Joy Morris, the good natured member in Congress from Pennsylvania, has again signified his intention of bringing forward at an early day an international copyright bill. Great Britain has invited our government to perform this act of simple justice to authors, by passing an international copyright law, to take effect whenever we pass a similar one. Congress, we fear, has too much President-making on its hands to give even a passing thought to the interests of American literature. We have, however, good authority for saying that the bill Mr. Morris purposes to introduce is nothing more than the one drawn up by a prominent publisher in this city, two years ago, to suit the exigencies of his own trade. The bill requires authors to get their works published in this country within the space of three months after their appearance in Great Britain, which, in a majority of cases, would be impossible. The bill now in the hands of Mr. Morris is simply a cheat, since it aims only to protect the mechanical interests of the book trade, which the publisher (with instincts peculiar to the shopkeeper) would make superior to the mental interests. American literature has always found its greatest enemy in this feeling, so prevalent among our large publishers. Put a stop to free stealing and its withering influence, and American authorship would of necessity receive such encouragement as to materially extend the field of readers in this country, and by so doing render essential benefit, to the mechanical interests of the trade, which are now in anything but a flourishing condition. What we want are authors to stimulate public taste for reading, and publishers who have some sympathy for letters, and enterprise enough to encourage real merit. Seven-tenths of our publishers now hold to the opinion that it is pecuniarily better for them to force a trashy book on the market by extensive advertising, than to pay real merit and trust to public taste for its success.

BOOK TRADE SALES FOR 1860.—These sales commenced at the rooms of Messrs. George A. Leavitt & Co., on the 29th ult. The great feature of the opening day was a sumptuous dinner, the accompaniments being an abundance of champagne, at which the generous hosts entertained their customers. The effervescing beverage is in high favor with booksellers generally. Boston, always a correct town, and Philadelphia, a town we never knew anything amiss of, are seriously troubled about these New York book sales, and their centralizing tendency. The well-behaved people of these quiet and unobtrusive towns are habitually short-sighted, and conduct their enterprises in such a narrow spirit as to insure their failure. We regret to hear that they have of late being laying their heads together, and consulting their oracle, Henry C. Carey, to see what could be done to check the tendency of the book trade to centre in New York. The result is that they have hit upon the policy (a very narrow one), of having trade sales of their own, making the time of holding them such as to annoy New York as much as possible. Their largest houses, too, have come to an understanding not to contribute their works to the New York sales. Such a short-sighted policy, it is clear, must eventually prove disastrous to its promulgators. New York possesses superior attractions, and offers advantages to purchasers, which neither Philadelphia nor Boston can afford to. The merchant at a distance will seek his supplies where he can obtain the most

liberal terms and select his stock with least trouble, and these advantages New York offers. For Boston or Philadelphia to attempt an opposition to the inevitable laws of trade, reminds us of Dame Partington's effort to stop out the flooding tide with her mop. We hope Boston and Philadelphia will take broader views of this subject, and becoming convinced of its evil tendency, put a stop to it at once.

The catalogue of Messrs. George A. Leavitt & Co. extends over 370 pages. The following firms are among the principal contributors: J. Parry (Philadelphia), a list of choice English literature and well selected miscellaneous works. Mason Brothers, an extremely full list of their best publications, including school and music books. Sheldon & Co. make a large display of the works of Spurgeon, Beecher, and kindred writers. W. M. Dodd pays his respects in a long list of works suited to people of a religious turn. Derby & Jackson are luminous of standard literature and various miscellaneous works, entertaining and instructive. Charles Scribner contributes a weighty list of works on theology, interspersed with N. P. Willis, Ike Marvel, and Timothy Titcomb. W. F. Draper, of Andover, Mass., contributes 600 volumes of theology. Charles Desilver, of Philadelphia, has a goodly list of works on instruction in the art of writing and speaking. T. B. Peterson spreads the lurid light of sensation literature over no less than 23 pages of this ponderous catalogue. William Lee, of Boston, makes a grand display of poetry in "blue and gold," and various works of a standard character, being a portion of the stock of Phillips, Sampson & Co. John Wiley favors the sales with a good list of his steady-going works, most of which are devoted to gardening and horticulture. W. A. Townsend & Co.'s list is very full, and comprises the new edition of Cooper's novels, so well illustrated from drawings by Darley. Dick & Fitzgerald do not contribute as largely as usual; their list is chiefly made up of "the Reason Why series" containing useful instruction in household mysteries. G. G. Evans, of Philadelphia, contributes a heavy list of works on wild sports and other exciting topics. Saxon, Barker & Co.'s list is chiefly made up of standard works on gardening, horticulture, and farming generally. Delisser & Proctor present a solid list of church literature. Rudd & Carleton are represented by "The Vagabond," "L'Amour," and "The Witches of New York." George Putnam gives us Irving, Bayard Taylor, and others, all got up in his characteristic style of elegant binding. D. Appleton & Co. are ponderous of works on every variety of subject, from the Life of James Watt to the Virginia Comedians. Hazard, of Philadelphia, and Redfield, of New York, have each extensive lists of useful and well got up works. The new firm of Phinney, Blakeman & Mason offer a sturdy list to those in search of religious instruction and poetry. Barnes & Burr's list is made up chiefly of school books, and is very full. Leavitt & Allen have a very long and complete list of works by "standard authors." A marked difference in the quality of works offered at these sales is noticed. The stocks of trash literature with which the market was flooded a few years ago have been worked off, chiefly in the South and West, and a demand has sprung up for better and more useful books, which our publishers are making a worthy effort to supply.

A NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE.—Mr. E. Maynard, so long and favorably known in connection with the publishing house of the Brothers Mason, has formed a partnership with Messrs. Clarke and Austin, No. 3 Park Row. Mr. Maynard knows what constitutes a good book. We wish him that success which he so eminently deserves.